

MARGER Y;

OR, A

Worfe Plague than the DRAGON:

A Burlesque O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

Altered from the Original Italian of
Signor CARINI. *K*

Set to MUSICK

By Mr. JOHN-FREDERICK LAMPE.

The SECOND EDITION, with Additions.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. SHUCKBURGH, at the *Sign* near the
Inner-Temple-Gate in *Fleet-street*, 1738.

(Price Six-pence.)

MARSHY:

OR A

WOLF-GOETHAN THE DRAGON:

A BATTLE OF THE R. A.

A BATTLE OF

THEATRE ROYAL IN GERMANY

Given for the Royal House of

JOHN CARR



BY MR. JOHN F. DAVIES

The Second Edition

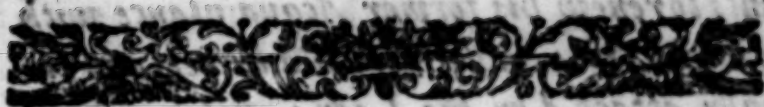


LONDON

Printed by J. B. G. & Co. in the Strand

1854

Price 1s.



The ARGUMENT.

MAUXALINDA, enraged at the Falshood of MOORE, retires disconsolate to a Desert, unable to bear the Triumphs of her Rival MARGERY (now Lady MOORE) who from the meekest of Creatures, is so elevated with her present Grandeur, that she becomes a very Virago, a worse Plague than the Dragon; and leads her Husband such a confounded Life, that he runs away from her on the very Wedding-Night, and flies, for Quiet-sake, to the Desert; where meeting with MAUXALINDA, they renew their former Loves, and grow fonder than ever. Lady MOORE pursues them with the utmost Fury, surprizes them in the height of their Endearments, and sends MAUXALINDA to Prison. MOORE makes a second Elopement, and sends GUBBINS to release MAUXALINDA; which being done, GUBBINS, who has long loved her in secret, courts her, and gains her Consent. MOORE
wants

The ARGUMENT.

wants to renew his former Acquaintance with MAUXALINDA, but is repuls'd by her, and furiously attack'd by his Lady: After a smart Scolding-Bout they make it up: MOORE is friends with his Lady; GUBBINS is married to MAUXALINDA; and the Opera concludes, according to the Custom of all Operas, with the general Reconciliation of all Parties, no matter how absurd, improbable, or ridiculous.



D R A -

(8)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Moore of Moore-Hall. Mr. SALWAY.

Gaffer Gubbin, Barber. Mr. LACOURT.
his Lady Moore.

Lord Moore, formerly Mr. LAMBE.
Mugger Gubbin.

Manselings.
Miss Emma Young.

Herald. Mr. R. S. HUNTER.

Two Gypsies. Mr. ROBERTS.

CHORUS of Mr. R. HANFORD, Gaffer,
his Constable, Tailor, Parish Clerk,
Caretaker, and other Assistants.

SCENE I. York.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Moore of Moore-Hall, Mr. SALWAY.

Gaffar Gubbins, Father }
to Lady Moore, Mr. LAGUERRE.

Lady Moore, formerly }
Margery Gubbins, Mrs. LAMPE.

Mauxalinda, Miss ESTHER YOUNG.

Herald, Mr. REINHOLD.

First Guest, Mr. ROBERTS.

CHORUS of Priests, Huntsmen, Guests,
&c. Constable, Jailer, Pursuivants,
Guards, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Yorkshire.



MARGER Y;

OR, A

Worse Plague than the DRAGON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Magnificent Temple finely illuminated, a great Number of Priests, Choristers, &c. Bride-Men, Bride-Maids, &c. &c. Moore and his Lady, Gubbins, Guests, Guards, and other Attendants, &c. &c. &c.

CHORUS.

*Triumph Valour, triumph Beauty,
Fortune now has done its Duty.*

RECITATIVE.

Moore. **N**OW to Moore-Hall, my
Friends, let's haste away,
To celebrate this happy
Nuptial-Day.

Cho. *Triumph, Valour, &c.*

[Exeunt.

B

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Desert.*MAUXALINDA *sola.*

From *Moore*, and my too happy Rival flown,
 Poor *Mauxalinda* wanders here alone.
 Their Bridal Joys are worse than Death to me.
 Alas! how cruel is my Destiny!

A I R.

*The Swain I adore has undone me ;
 He woo'd me until he had won me :
 He courted me, sure, but to shun me,
 And now from his Arms am I thrown.*

*Come Death, from Distraction relieve me,
 Cold Earth to thy Bosom receive me ;
 Come thou who so basely could'st leave me,
 And shed one kind Tear on my Stone.*

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Moore-Hall.*

MOORE and his Lady, GUBBINS, Guests, &c.

*An Entertainment of Dancing; after
 which, enter Herald, Pursuivants, &c.*

Herald. Most puissant *Moore* ! Our Sovereign
 Lord the King

Hearing your Fame, which far and near doth
 ring,

Sends you this Token of his Royal Bounty,

[Puts on a Golden Helmet.

And

And makes you Lord-Lieutenant of the
County :

A *Dragon passant guardant* is your Arms.
And hearing of your Consort's peerless
Charms,

Invites to Court both you and Lady *Moore*,
Where he has farther Honours yet in store.

Moore. My kind Love to his Majesty, I pray :
We'll just keep Honey-moon, and then away.

[Exit *Herald*, &c.]

Moore. How comes it *Mauxalinda* is not here,
[*Surveying the Company*.

To grace our Nuptials, and partake our Cheer ?

Lady. Methinks, in Manners, you might longer
stay ;

Can't you forget her on your Wedding-Day ?
Ungrateful, —

Gub. — Daughter, set your Fears aside,
For *Mauxalinda*, mad with Rage and Pride ;
Has, in a Hurry, pack'd up all her Things,
Her Cloaths, her Money, nay, her three
Gold Rings,

And went away this Morning by the Carrier.

Moore. She's a smart Girl, some *Londoner*
may marry her,

A I R.

*Thus the Damsel young and pretty,
Quits the Country with Disdain,
Takes a Trip to London City,
Nobler Conquests to obtain.*

*There she Prudes it so demurely,
And so well displays her Charms,
That some Townling, most securely,
She allures into her Arms.*

Lady. All this is meer Contrivance and Deceit :
With half an Eye I can see through the
Cheat.

A I R.

*Go, Cuckoldly Cull,
Follow your Trull,
I'm not to be made such a Tool.
Sir Knight, I'm your Wife,
And, during my Life,
Your Worship shall find me no Fool.*

Moore. I'm all Surprise ! What means this sudden Change !

'Tis wond'rous odd !

Gub — 'Tis more than odd, 'tis strange !

Moore. Speak to her, Sir —

Gub. — Not I, upon my Life :

'Tis dangerous meddling betwixt Man and
Wife.

A I R.

A I R.

*Agree, agree ;
If not, a ye see,
As you fall out,
Fall in, for me.*

Moore. Why is my dearest Dear so cross to me?

I wou'd not be so to my *Margery*.

Lady. It might be *Marg'ry Gubbins* heretofore ;

But now I'll make you know I'm *Lady*

Moore.

[*Strutting.*

Moore. Why so thou art : — But yet I hope,

my Dear,

[*Coaxing.*

If thou art Cap, I may be Button here.

Lady. You think you're Master now ; but that

won't do,

I tell you, I'll be Cap and Button too.

Moore. My Anger rises : — Woman, have a care !

Lady. I scorn your Anger. — Strike me if you
dare !

A I R.

You ! You ! You !

Coxcomb ! Blockhead ! Numpskull ! Nizey !

I defy you ! I despise you !

Do ! Do ! Do ! — [*Exit Lady.*

Moore. Are these the Joys of Wedlock ! This
the Life

A Man must lead with an outrageous Wife ?

Gub. Son ! keep your Temper ; — Let her have
her Way,

Brides know their Power on their Wedding-
Day. The

(14)

The Joys they give us wou'd be too compleat,
Did not some Bitter mingle with the Sweet.
This is some female Flight, some jealous Fit.
Moore. You see, my Friends, how 'tis; — I
must submit.

A I R.

*So Hercules of old,
The Valiant and the Bold, (rue,
Who made the fierce Giants and Monsters to
Was forc'd to rock and reel,
And turn the Spinning-Wheel;
So much cou'd a Woman his Passion subdue.
So Hercules, &c. [Exit.*

Gub. Farewell, *Moore-Hall*, thou art no Place
for Stay :

O, Friends! this is a dismal Wedding-Day !

Melancholy C H O R U S.

Oh sad ! oh strange !

Oh doleful Change !

Oh, &c. [Exeunt Omnes.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Desert.

MOORE *solus.*

Farewell, *Moore-Hall*— I now have broke
my Chain,
I never more will darken thee again. (Devil ;
This Woman has a Spirit wou'd scare the
Tygers and Wolves, compar'd to her, are civil.
Alas ! what mighty Deeds have I to brag on ?
I'm more afraid of her, than of the Dragon.
Sooner in Desarts with wild Beasts I'll dwell,
Than with that Wife, who makes my Home
a Hell.

A I R.

Was ever Man so much deceiv'd ?

Can ever Woman be believ'd ?

I thought my Love

a Turtle-Dove,

And dream'd of endless Charms ;

But now I've got,

O curs'd Lot !

A Dragon to my Arms.

Was ever, &c.

Maux.

Maux. Cruel Swain !— [*Behind the Scenes.*

Moore. What tender, plaintive Sounds invade
my Ear ?

Sure Melancholy's Self inhabits here :

Approach, sweet Warbler ! thou perhaps
may'st be (me ;

Some easy cred'ulous Wretch, deceiv'd like
I'll not obstruct, but listen to thy Moan,
Then mingle, with thy soft Complaints, my
own.

[*Retires to a Corner of the Stage.*

Enter MAUXALINDA.

A I R.

*Cruel Swain, since you forsake me,
I'll to lonely Shades betake me,*

Like the mournful Turtle-Dove :

While my Fondness you're disdaining,

Faithful still in soft complaining,

I'll lament my hapless Love.

Cruel Swain, &c.

Moore. My *Mauxalinda* ! O transporting
Sight !

Come to my Arms, thou Treasure of Delight,

[*Goes to embrace her, she flies back.*

Maux,

Maux. What new Device is this, to mock my
Grief?

Experience now has banish'd all Belief.

Moore. I own my Crime; O pardon my Of-
fence;

I'm all Confusion, Shame and Penitence.

[*Kneeling.*

Maux. O *Moore*! I lov'd you as I did my
Life—

I'd fain believe you, but you've got a Wife.

Moore. Oh! name her not.— With thee, my
Love, I'll fly

Far as the utmost Verge of Earth or Sky:

We'll traverse ev'ry Sea, and ev'ry Shore,

And ne'er approach that hated Object more.

D U E T T O.

Around the wide World we will wander,

Grow fonder, and fonder, and fonder;

We'll cuddle together,

To keep out the Weather,

And kiss the cold Winter away.

When Sol's sultry Heat does invade us,

Green Osters and Willows shall shade us.

We'll chirrip and sing

Like Birds in the Spring,

And frolick it all the long Day.

Around, &c. [*Exeunt.*

C

SCENE

SCENE II. Gubbins's House.

GUBBINS and Guests as from Drinking.

1st Guest. Thanks, noble Gubbins, for this Night's Repast:—

I think we've fairly made it out at last.

Gub. But why so hasty, why so soon away?
Another Bottle will bring on the Day.

Enter Lady MOORE.

Gub. What's this I see?— My Daughter!—

Say, my Dear!

What brings thee thus unseasonably here?

How could'st thou quit so soon the Bridal
Bed? [Lady sighs.

A Sigh too! Tell me, is thy Husband dead?

Lady. Oh! ten-times worse!

Gub. ——— How can that be?

Lady. ——— He's fled.

Gub. What! before Consummation?

Lady. Ay, to my great Vexation.

Gub. O Daughter, Daughter! if I right con-
jecture,

He ran away, to 'scape a Curtain-Lecture.

Lady.

Lady. No, he has *Manxalinda* in his Mind :
Now she is gone, he cannot stay behind.

A I R.

*Wretched is a Wife's Condition,
When not Rage, or yet Submission,
Can reclaim her faithless Rover,
Or to Virtue bring him over.*

*When she sees her self neglected,
And her Rival more respected,
Oh ! how great must be her Anguish !
Who can blame her then to languish.*

Wretched, &c.

Gub. He's sadly off ; for she, like thee, I fear,
May have a Tongue too many for his Ear.

Lady. Unhappy me ! I came to be redrest,
And you, I see, make all my Wrongs your
Jest :

But I'll, through all the Courts of Law pur-
sue him ;

I'll rumage Hell it self, but I'll undo him :

I'll issue out Reward by Proclamation,
And have him, if he's living in the Nation.

[*Exit.*

Gub. Well said, my Girl— thy Mother's
Daughter still ;

She had a Tongue most exquisitely shrill.

[*Horn sounds.*

C 2

But

But hark ! the jolly Huntsman's Horn
 Gives Notice of approaching Morn :
 Let's lose no Moment of Delight,
 But hunt all Day, as we have drank all
 Night.

A I R.

*Come follow, brave Boys, to the Chace,
 For Morning breaks on us apace ;
 The Fogs and the Mist disappear,
 The Dawn is delightfully clear.
 The Hounds are uncoupled, then hast and
 away,
 You'll lose all the Sport, if you longer de-
 lay.
 What, what are your Opera's to me,
 But Tweedlecum-Tweedlecum-twee :
 No Musick, that's under the Sky,
 Can equal the Hounds at full Cry.
 Then a Fig for Italians, their Squeak and
 their Squawl,
 One true English Sportsman shall dumb-
 found 'em all.*

Omnes, Hiddow, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Desert.*

MOORE and MAUXALINDA embracing.

DUETTO.

Maux. *By these Arms, that round thee twine
Like the ever-circling Vine :
By this tender fond Embrace,
Nothing shall my Love efface.*

Moore. *By the Nectar, which I sip
From thy soft and ruby Lip,
Never, never will I leave thee,
Never, never more deceive thee.*

*Enter Lady MOORE with Constable, Guards,
&c. and surprizes 'em.*

Lady. So, so, my pretty Turtles, are you
there—

I've caught you napping, as *Moss* caught
his Mare.

Sir, that's your Prisoner— [*To Constable.*
Take my Lady Stock, [*To Maux.*
Make her beat Hemp, and chain her to the
Block.

[*Mauxalinda is carried off; Moore
strives to follow, but is pre-
vented by his Lady.*

For

(12)

For you, Sir Knight, come Home, and
mind your Duty;
I'll teach you to run rambling after Beauty.

D U E T T O.

Lady. *O ungrateful ! to deceive me,
Thus to rob me of Content.*

Moore. *O most hateful ! leave me, leave me,
You my Anger but augment.*

Lady. *Faithless Traytor !*

Moore. *Plague of Nature !*

Lady. *Where's your Conscience ?*

Moore. *Curse your Nonsense !*

Let me go, Let me go. [Struggling.

Lady. *No, no, no ; No, no, no.*

O ungrateful, &c.

[Exeunt.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

GUBBINS'S *House.*

GUBBINS and MOORE.

Moore. **O**H, Sir! here's been a most confounded Rout—

Mauxy's in Hold, and you must bring her out.

As she and I, like Turtles of a feather,
Were cooing in the Wilderness together,
My Lady came with *Posse Comitatus*,
And sent poor *Mauxalinda* to the Gate-house.

Gub. I cannot bear she should a Prisoner be—
I'll tear the Jail down, but I'll set her free.

[*Exit.*

MOORE *solus.*

Was ever Man so hamper'd with a Wife?
Patience, ye Gods! but I am link'd for
Life:

The

((24))

*'The Knot's too fast, 'tis needless to complain;
I wish the Dragon were alive again.*

A I R.

*The Lion in Battle engag'd,
When he fills all the Forest with Dread,
Is a Lamb to a Woman engag'd,
If once Jealousy gets in her Head.*

*Her Soul's on a Ferment of Fury,
No soothing the Tempest can still;
She values no Law, Judge or Jury,
Her darling Revenge to fulfill.*

[Exit.

SCENE II. A Prison.

MAUXALINDA in Chains.

A I R.

O piercing Anguish!

O cruel Destiny!

Here must I languish

For Loss of Liberty.

[Enter Lady Moore.

So,

So, Madam, — How d'ye like your stately
Lodging?

Is not this better than in Desarts dodging?

Maux. Madam, I see through all your saucy
Sneer —

You may provoke my Scorn, but not my
Fear.

Lady. Your boasted Courage I'm resolv'd to try,
Behold this Dagger, and prepare to die.

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

D U E T T O.

Maux. Since you've robb'd me of my Treas-
ure,

Life is now no more a Pleasure :

Death is welcome ev'n from you.

Lady. Since you've robb'd me of my Treasure,

In your Death is all my Pleasure :

Vengeance, Vengeance is my Due.

[*Enter Gubbins with Jailor and Guards.*]

Daughter, forbear, and let your Fury cease ;

For know I'm come poor *Mauxy* to release.

Lady. My Father too my Foe! Patience is vain

Gub. *Marg'ry* thy Pride, I think, has turn'd
thy Brain,

D

Lady.

Lady. I'll be reveng'd —

Gub. ————Nay, if she makes a Riot,

[*To Jailor.*

Jailor, secure her, 'till she grows more quiet.

[*Ex. Gub. Maux. &c.*

Lady MOORE-fola.

'This is enough to make a Woman mad —

I'll be reveng'd, if Vengeance can be had.

A I R.

Thus distracted, thus tormented,

Nothing shall my Rage delay;

Never will I rest contented

'Till my Vengeance makes it way.

[*Exit Lady.*

SCENE III. Gubbins's House.

MAUXALINDA and GUBBINS.

Maux. This wond'rous Goodness how can I
repay!

Gub. Oh! you shall make it up another way.

[*Chucking her under the Chin.*

Sweet *Mauxalinda*, if you can forsake
All other Men for *Gaffar Gubbins'* sake,
And prove to him a true and faithful Wife,
With all I have I'll Jointure thee for Life.

A I R.

A I R.

*Mauxalinda thus admiring,
Does my Soul of Souls in slave;
For her Charm of Charms expiring,
See her fond Adorer crave.*

[Lady Moore over-hearing.
Maux. Since they've depriv'd me of my dear-
est Knight, *[Aside.*
I'll marry *Gubbins* merely out of Spight.
And when I'm Madam *Marg'ry's* Mother-in-
Law,
By *Jove*, I'll keep her Ladyship in awe.

[Turns to Gubbins, and sings.

A I R.

*Then come to my Arms, old Dad,
And fondle thine own dear Honey:
If Love is too late to be had,
Let's make up the Loss with Money.*

[They Embrace.

[To them Lady MOORE.

Lady. Why Father, what d'ye mean?

Gub. ——— What's that to you?

I'm old enough to know what 'tis I do.

Enter MOORE.

O joyful Sight ! my *Mauxalinda* freed !
Thanks noble *Gubbins* for this gen'rous Deed :
O let me clasp thee to my Arms.

[*Runs to embrace her.*

[*Gubbins interposing.*

Gub. ————— Not so ———
She's now My *Mauxalinda*, you must know.

[*Lady comes up to Moore.*

Lady. How can you bear the Loss of one so dear ?

Moore. My Plague ! my Bane ! my Evil Genius
here !

Lady. I come, Sir, a Wife my Right to claim ?

Moore Of me you shall have nothing but the
Name.

Lady No Nuptial Kindness ? ———

Moore. ————— Not one single Kiss.

Lady. Barbarian, did'st thou marry me for this ?

Moore. Henceforth no Husband hope to find
of me,

'Till you more gentle and submissive be.

Beneath one Roof, with each a sep'rate Bed,

We'll live polite — and wish each other dead.

[*Lady aside.*

[*To Moore.*

O,

O, Sir! your Looks, your Words have riv'd my
Heart ———

No other Punishment, but Beds to part? —
See at your Feet, your Pardon I implore;
I never will provoke your Anger more.

Moore. What Farce is this! ———

Lady. ——— No Farce, my dearest Life,
But a Converted and Obedient Wife.

A I R.

*Never, never I'll offend you,
Or your warm Resentment dare.
Ever, ever I'll attend you,
Your Content shall crown my Care.*

Moore. Come to my Arms, thou Treasure of
my Life,
Henceforth my best belov'd, and dearest Wife.

D U E T T O.

*O happy Transformation!
O sweet Reconciliation!
O joyous blest Event!*

Moore. And now, my *Marg'ry*, may'st thou
ever be [*Embracing Lady Moore.*
As kind to *Moore*, as he is fond of thee.

Maux.

Maix. I wish you Joy, Sir ! May she ever be
As true to you— as you have been to me.

[*Aside.*

Gub. Why now all's right.— Call all the
Country in ;

Keep Open-House, and let the Sports begin.

[*An Entertainment of Dancing ; after-
wards Moore comes forward.*

Moore. Henceforth let Discord and Dissention
cease,

While we all live in Harmony and Peace.

Gub. And have of Wealth and Children great
Increase.

CHORUS.

Strain your Voices, crack your Strings ;

He sings best, who loudest sings.

Blow your Cheeks of Sound away,

This most Glorious Holiday.

4 AP 54

CHORUS

(31)

CHORUS OF CHORUSSES.

BRAVO!

BRAVISSIMO!

CARO!

CARISSIMO!

A———H!

DOLCE!

BELLA!

VIVA

A N C O R A!

Da Capo.

IL FINE.

(31)

CHORUS OF CHURCHES

BRAND

MISSION

CAROL

MISSION

DOCTOR

WELL

MINA

W. C. O. W.

W. C. O. W.

4 APR 54

